

# The Springfield Sun.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

VOLUME V.

SPRINGFIELD, KY., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1909.

NUMBER 20

## BUSINESS

### MEETING

Held by Business Men to Petition  
L. & N. Railway Co. For Reduction of Freight Rates  
to This Place.

A mass meeting of the leading citizens and business men of Springfield and vicinity was held at the Court House Saturday afternoon. The object of the meeting was to discuss the freight rates charged by the L. & N. Railway Company over the Louisville & Springfield branch of the said road and to petition the L. & N. Railway Company to lower the rates.

Mr. A. C. McElroy was elected chairman and a committee on resolutions appointed. This committee reported setting forth in a preamble that the freight rates over the Southern to Harrodsburg and other cities, North of Springfield were so much lower than over the L. & N. to this place as to make it advantageous to many of the merchants and citizens of this county to get their goods via these cities instead of Springfield and Springfield and Washington county were losers thereby. The committee further asked that the L. & N. Railway Company to take cognizance of these facts and petitioned a reduction of the freight rates to this place. A committee consisting of Messrs. G. C. Wharton and C. J. Hayden was named to take up the matter with the Company. The gentlemen named are in Louisville this week conferring with the L. & N. officials and it is greatly to be hoped that their efforts will be productive of pronounced beneficial efforts.

### Hagan—Bland.

Miss Lillian Bland, of Lebanon, and Mr. Richard Hagan, of this place, were united in the bonds of matrimony at the Catholic church in Lebanon yesterday morning at 10:30 o'clock, Father Hogarty performing the ceremony. Miss Elisabeth O'Neal, of Lebanon, was the only bridesmaid and Mr. Wm. Thompson, of this place, the best man. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Hagan and the bridal party were entertained at dinner at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Richard Bland.

Both of the young people are well known and popular in their respective communities and will be welcomed to this county, where they will make their home.

### SIMMS.

Thinking a letter from our little village would be appreciated, will send in a few items.

Mr. Charlie Harmon, who has been on the sick list for several days, is about well again.

Mrs. John M. Horan and Miss Eddie Horan visited Mrs. Horan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Begley, at Fenwick, last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. J. Walter Brown made a business trip to Louisville last Wednesday.

Miss Margaret Yankey attended church at Springfield last Sunday.

Mrs. Henley Burnsides and little son, H. D., of Danville, visited her mother, Mrs. C. R. Bennington, last week.

Mrs. Bud Piles visited her mother at Maud last week.

Miss Mary L. Buckman has accepted a position with Mrs. Elia Montgomery, the popular dressmaker, of Springfield.

Mrs. W. J. Buckman and little daughter, Elsie, visited Mrs. Albert Rude last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Parrott entertained a few of their friends at dinner last Sunday. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Cecil and children, of McIntire, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Waters and little Paul Buckman, of Pleasant Run. Mr. George Mann, of Bardstown, and Miss Mary L. Buckman, of Shelbyville. All report a good time.

Mr. Joe Mike Purdy attended the Masonic meeting in Lebanon last Thursday night.

Mr. John A. Rollins was in our midst last week.

### Frightful Fate Averted.

"I would have been a cripple for life, from a terrible cut on my knee cap, writes Fred Dibber, of Kellerville, 'without Buckman's Arma Salve, which soon cured me.' Infallible for wounds, cuts and bruises, it soon cures Burns, Scalds, Old Sores, Boils, Skin Eruptions. World's best for Piles, 25c. at Haydon & Robertson's."

### The Old Church Bell.

It hangs to-day where it has hung for fifty years or more, but the old bell tolls no longer. The churchward covers over, and many are the times since then, with deep and solemn knell, has tolled for dear departed ones the old church bell!

Within a latticed tower it swings, high up above the street, and every Sabbath morn is heard the music clear and sweet which floats above the village roofs, and over hill and dell, upborne upon the vagrant wind from the old church bell.

Full many a change the hand of Time has wrought upon the old church, and passing years have often been with grief and anguish fraught, yet age has never changed its tones, and years cannot displease.

The magic of the music from the old church bell.

Since it was placed within the tower, in days of long ago, the tempests wild have round it raved, and many a driven snow has found shelter in its seats up there, in robes of white its dwelling-place, and the old church bell.

Through gone from earth and earthly home.

For ever passed away—the faithful ones who loved while here its summons to obey.

Now rest beyond the tide of Time, with rapture long to dwell,

For there their footstep guided were by the old church bell!

—G. W. D. in Danville Advocate.

### DIED IN MISSOURI.

Mrs. A. M. Coston, Formerly of Mackville, Passes Away at Clarksville, Mo.

The following article, concerning the death of Mrs. A. M. Coston, which occurred at Clarksville, Mo., was sent to The Sun by Mrs. Viola Bell, of Fort Morgan, Colo., and is taken from the Morgan County (Colo.) Herald. Mrs. Coston formerly lived at Mackville, where she will be well remembered. She removed from this county several years ago and has resided at Fort Morgan, Colo., the greater part of the time since:

"The funeral services of Mrs. A. M. Coston were held Thursday afternoon, February 4th, at the First Presbyterian church and attended by friends of the surviving relatives.

"Ersie Farris was born in Washington County, Kentucky, September 1, 1837. She joined the M. E. church, South, of Mackville, Kentucky, at the age of 15. Thirty years ago she transferred her membership to the Presbyterian church of which she has since been a member.

"She was married to A. M. Coston on June 29, 1865, in Perryville, Mo., while visiting a twin sister at that place. After much suffering Mrs. Coston died while on a visit to the home of L. L. Farris. During this illness her husband, her daughter, Mrs. Bell, her son, S. A. Coston, her step-sister, Mrs. T. Clark, the only living members of her immediate family were with her.

"Mrs. Coston was the mother of five children, S. A. Coston and Mrs. Bell, of Fort Morgan, W. B. Coston, of Wray, and two children, who died in infancy, Boyd and Leona."

### Boone—Blacketer.

Last week at the Methodist parsonage in Lebanon Mr. Lee Boone, of this place, and Miss Fannie Blacketer were married by Rev. C. H. Prather. The bride is a daughter of Mr. Wm. Blacketer, of Lebanon, and is popular among a large circle of friends. Mr. Boone is a well known and highly industrious young man of Springfield. Mr. and Mrs. Boone will make their home here.

### How To Get a Piano Cheap.

This office has in its possession an advertising certificate which entitles the owner to \$75 in trade with the Baldwin Piano Company of Louisville. Said certificate was secured by a Springfield lady who was a lucky winner in a Puzzle Contest recently conducted by the Louisville Courier-Journal. It is transferable and is for sale at a bargain to the first inquirer. For further particulars call at this office.

Kentucky Star Flour. Best made. Try Kentucky Star Flour. "So good."

### MRS. HILARY MCINTIRE

A Former Washington County Woman Dies in Louisville of Senility.—Buried at St. Rose.

Mrs. Sallie McIntire died at St. Anthony's Hospital in Louisville of senility. Mrs. McIntire was 78 years of age. The remains were brought to Springfield Saturday night and the funeral services held at St. Rose Sunday morning.

Mrs. McIntire was the widow of the late Hilary McIntire, and had made her home in this county until a few years ago when she went to Louisville to undergo medical treatment after having suffered a nervous breakdown. Her condition, however, improved but little. Mrs. McIntire was a woman, who was highly esteemed, and was cultured and well educated. She was likewise a fine musician.

### At Court House April 27.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Christian church will have Delta Crowder Miller render "Ben Hur" at Court House on the evening of the 27th of April. Adults 25c, children 25c.

Read what the Telegraph, Dixon, Ill., has to say about her.

"Her voice is smooth and flexible and has a smooth quality that wins the ears of her listeners. She impersonates with ease and simplicity and makes her characters appear before her hearers in flesh and blood, which is the perfection of impersonation. She possesses an insight into a large variety of natures and expresses through them great versatility of emotion. The Lepers (mother and son) of Ben Hur) were particularly well done. In passages like those between the Lepers and the servant, Amrah, she was pathetic without a suggestion of effort. Her Ben Hur is proud, noble, dignified and beautiful."

### TEXAS.

Miss Almeda Holderman was the guest of her uncle, Mr. John Holderman, of near Springfield, last week.

Mr. Albert Holderman and wife visited relatives in Harrodsburg last week.

Mr. Ray Gordon and wife, of Gravel Switch, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Rowe last Sunday.

Miss Pearl Claybrook left for Lexington Friday, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. J. D. Turner.

Misses Bessie Condor and Virgie Mayes, of Springfield, visited Miss Hattie Arnold Saturday night and Sunday.

Miss Fanny Whayne was the guest of friends in Perryville last week.

Mr. R. L. Langford was in Perryville Friday on business.

Miss Mattie Kimberlin was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Harmon, of Lebanon, last week. She was accompanied home by her niece and nephew, George and Irene Harmon.

Mrs. J. D. Peterson has a nice line of millinery. Everyone is invited to call and see her goods.

Miss Belle Hatchett, of Tatham Springs, was the guest of her uncle, D. A. Y. Hatchett, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Leon Bradshaw entertained at dinner Friday, in honor of her husband's birthday, quite a number of friends and relatives. All report a pleasant day. It is to be hoped that Mr. Bradshaw will spend many more days like this one.

Mrs. W. T. Barnett, of Mackville, was the guest of her mother, Mrs. Jacob Kimberlin, one day last week.

Bryan Arnold, son of Arvin Arnold, is very ill with appendicitis.

Miss Anna Arnal is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Charlie Harmon, of Lebanon.

How To Get a Piano Cheap.

"Most ordinary colds will yield to the simplest treatment," says the Chicago Tribune, "moderate laxatives, hot foot baths, a free perspiration and an avoidance of exposure to cold and wet after treatment." While this treatment is simple, it requires considerable trouble, and the one adopting it must remain in doors for a day or two, or a fresh cold is almost sure to be contracted, and in many instances pneumonia follows. Is not better to give a full faith to an old reliable preparation like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which is famous for its cures of colds and can always be depended upon? For sale by The Leo Haydon Drug Co.

### CONGRESSMAN BEN JOHNSON

Before Leaving Washington For Kentucky Announces Intention Of Running For Governor. Indorsed By Leaders.

Washington, April 16.—Congressman Ben Johnson, of the Fourth Kentucky district, has himself positively said that he will make the race for Governor of Kentucky. He probably did not intend it for publication, but just before leaving home for home this week Mr. Johnson was asked a pointed question by one of his Democratic colleagues and gave a characteristically pointed reply. The reply was, "Are you going to be candidate for Governor?" The reply was, "I am."

One of his intimate friends here says that this does not mean that Mr. Johnson has begun or expects to soon begin anything like a canvas for the important office mentioned. He says that on the contrary Mr. Johnson will first be a candidate to succeed himself in Congress next year; will consider the already expressed wish of Democratic leaders that he have charge of the national campaign for the National Congressional Committee next year, but may decline the latter honor if it promises to interfere with his own race for Congress, or with the later big State race, if the latter is, as seems probable, already on hand at that time.

While the above quoted statement of Mr. Johnson is the first expression by him that even approaches a public announcement of his intentions, he has, of course, discussed with his personal friends here a subject, which began to broach in Kentucky months ago. To these, he has all said that it was, of course, too early to think of anything like a public, formal announcement, but that the flattering assurances of support that had come to him from so many different portions of the State had naturally put him to thinking, and that everything now indicated, as nearly as so distant a political event could be foreshadowed, that he might be in the race. To this he has added that the talk of his candidacy had come from no faction of the party; that he would never be the candidate of any faction, and that he was not going to do or say anything that would give anybody any excuse to think or say that he could be persuaded into anything akin to a factional fight.

Mr. Johnson is known here as one of the silent men of the House who "does things." This is emphasized by the fact that he, after only one term in Congress, is consulted with and treated as a leader by the Democratic leaders like Clayton, Clark and others who have been there half a lifetime, and who, in their desire to see Kentucky redeemed, have themselves suggested to some of Mr. Johnson's colleagues the advisability of putting such a man in the lead of the State fight for

the election of 1910.

As a healing salve for Burns, Chapped Hands and Sore Nipples.

As a healing salve for burns, sores, nipples and chapped hands Chamberlain's Salve is most excellent. It also relieves the pain of a burn.

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# Polly of the Circus

BY MARGARET MAYO

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## CHAPTER III.

**P**OLLY and Bingo always made the audience "sit up" when they came into the ring. She was so young, so gay, so light and joyous in all her movements. She seemed scarcely to touch the back of the white horse as they dashed round the ring in the glare of the tent lights. The other performers went through their work mechanically while Polly rode.

As for Polly, her work had never lost its first interest. Jim may have been right when he said that the spirit of the dead mother had got into her, but it must have been an unsatisfied spirit, unable to fulfill its ambition in the body that once held it, for it sometimes played strange pranks with Polly. Tonight her eyes shone and her lips were parted in anticipation as she leaped lightly over the many colored streamers of the wheel of silk ribbons held by Barker in the center of the ring and by Toby and the tumblers on the edge of the bank.

With each change of her act the audience cheered and frantically applauded. The band played faster; Bingo's pace increased; the end of her turn was coming. The numbers arranged themselves around the ring with paper hoops. Bingo was fairly racing. She went through the first hoop with a crash of tearing paper.

"Heigh, Bingo!" she shouted as she bent her knee to make ready for the final leap.

Bingo's neck was stretched. He had never gone so fast before. Barker looked uneasy. Toby forgot to go on with his accustomed tricks. Jim watched anxiously from the entrance. The paper of one hoop was still left unbroken. The attendant turned his eyes to glance at the oncoming girl. The hoop shifted slightly in his clumsy hand as Polly leaped straight up from Bingo's back, trusting to her first

"Where can we take her?" asked Jim, a look of terror in his great, troubled eyes.

"The parsonage is the nearest house," said the doctor. "I am sure the pastor will be glad to have her there until we can find out how badly she is hurt."

In an instant Barker was back in the center of the ring. He announced that Polly's injuries were slight, called the attention of the audience to the wonderful concert to take place and bade them be ready for the thrilling chariot race.

Jim, blind with despair, lifted the light burden and staggered out of the tent, while the band played furiously and the people fell back into their seats. The Roman chariots thundered and clattered around the outside of the ring, the audience cheered the winner of the race, and for the moment Polly was forgotten.

## CHAPTER IV.

**T**HE blare of the circus band had been a sore temptation to Mandy Jones all afternoon and evening. Again and again it had dragged her from her work to the study window, from which she could see the wonders so tantalizingly near.

Mandy was housekeeper for the Rev. John Douglas, but the unwashed supper dishes did not trouble her as she watched the lumbering elephants, the restless lions, the long-necked giraffes and the striped zebras that came and went in the nearby circus lot. And yet, in spite of her own curiosity, she could not forgive her vagrant "worse half." Hasty, who had been lured from duty early in the day, had once dubbed him Hasty in a spirit of derision, and the name had clung to him.

The sarcasm seemed doubly appropriate tonight, for he had been away since 10 that morning, and it was now past 9.

seized her broom and began to sweep imaginary tracks from in front of the door.

Many times she had made up her mind to let the next caller know just what she thought of "hypocrites," but her determination was usually weakened by her still greater desire to excite increased wonder in the faces of her visitors.

Divided between these two inclinations, she gazed at Julia now. The shining eyes of the deacon's daughter conquered, and she launched forth into an even deeper sense of how she had just seen a "wonderful speeded amble" with a "pawful long neck walk right out of the tent" and how he had "come apart after her very eyes" and two men had slipped "right out of his insides." Mandy was so carried away by her own eloquence and so busy showing Julia the sights beyond the window that she did not hear Miss Perkins, the thin lipped spinster, who entered, followed by the Widow Willoughby, dragging her seven-year-old son Willie by the hand.

The women were protesting because their choir practice of "What Shall the Harvest Be?" had been interrupted by the unrequested accompaniment of the "hoochie coochie" from the nearby circus band.

"It's scandalous!" Miss Perkins snapped. "Scandalous! And somebody ought to stop it." She glanced about with an unmistakable air of grievance at the closed doors, feeling that the pastor was undoubtedly behind one of them who might be ought to be taking action against the things that her soul abominated.

"Well, I'm sure I've done all that I could," piped the widow, with a mock martyred air. She was always martyred. She considered it an appropriate attitude for a widow. "He can't blame me if the choir is out of key to that fact."

The sudden appearance of Hasty proved a diversion. He was looking very sheepish.

"Hyan, he is Mars John; look at him!" said Mandy.

"Hasty, where have you been all day?" demanded Douglas severely.

Hasty fumbled with his hat and spared for a moment. "Did you say what's I been, sah?"

"Dad's what he done ast yo," Mandy prompted threateningly.

"Hyan, he is Mars John," declared Hasty in a weak, Mars John, tone.

Mandy snorted in credulously. Douglas waited.

"A gemmen in de circus done tolle me dis mawnin' dat I carry water to de elephante'll let me in de elephante fo' mawnin', an' I make a 'reement wid him. Mars John, did yo' eber seed an elephante drink?" he asked, rolling his eyes. John shook his head.

"Well, sah, he jes' put dat trunk a' him's into de pall jes' once an' swish-water gone."

Douglas laughed, and Mandy tutted sullenly.

"Well, sah," continued Hasty, "I tote water to' dem elephante all day long an' when I cum round to see de circus gemmen won't let me in. An' when I try to crawl out de tent dey put me in de pall liggs an' beats me. He looked from one to the other, expecting sympathy.

"What hurt yo'?"

"Tiger."

"A tiger?" exclaimed the women in unison.

"Done chawed it mos' off," he declared solemnly. "Deacon Elverson, he seed it, an' he says I's hurt bad."

"Deacon Elverson!" cried the spinner. "Was Deacon Elverson at the circus?"

"He was in de lot, a-tryin' to look in, sah," Hasty answered innocently.

"You'd better take Hasty into the kitchen," said Douglas to Mandy, with a dry smile. "He's talkin' too much for a wounded man."

Mandy disappeared with the disgraced Hasty, advising him with fine scorn, "to get de tiger to claw off his ligs, so's he wouldn't have to walk no mo'."

The women gazed at each other with lips closed tightly. Elverson's behavior was beyond their power of expression.

Miss Perkins turned to the pastor, as though he were somehow to blame for the deacon's backsides.

But before she could find words to argue the point the timid little deacon appeared in the doorway, utterly unconscious of the hostile reception that Hasty had prepared for him.

He stood nervously from one set face to the other, then coughed behind his hand.

"We're all very much interested in the circus," said Douglas, with a smile.

"It is not, soul not skill, that our congregation needs in its music. As for that music out there, it is not without its compensations."

"And the small boys would rather hear that band than the finest church organ in the world."

"And the small boys would rather see the circus than to hear you preach, most likely," snapped Miss Perkins. It was adding insult to injury for him to try to console her.

"That's only human nature," Douglas had answered, with a laugh, but Mandy had declared that she knew another name for it and had mumbled something about "hypocrites" as she

told the truth about it," said Douglas, laughing.

"What?" exclaimed Miss Perkins.

"Why not?" asked Douglas. "I am sure I don't know what they do inside the tents, but the parade looked very promising."

"The parade!" the two women echoed in one breath. "Did you see the parade?"

"Yes, indeed," said Douglas enthusiastically. "But it didn't compare with the one I saw at the age of eight." He turned his head to one side and looked into space with a reminiscent smile. "The widow's red haired boy crept close to him."

"The Shetland ponies seemed as small as mice," he continued dreamily, "the elephants huge as mountains, the great calliope wafted my soul to the very skies, and I followed that parade right into the circus lot."

"Did you see inside de tent?" Willoughby asked eagerly.

"I didn't have enough money for that," Douglas answered frankly. He turned to the small boy and pinched his ear. There was sad disappointment.

Divided between these two inclinations, she gazed at Julia now. The shining eyes of the deacon's daughter conquered, and she launched forth into an even deeper sense of how she had just seen a "wonderful speeded amble" with a "pawful long neck walk right out of the tent" and how he had "come apart after her very eyes" and two men had slipped "right out of his insides."

Mandy was so carried away by her own eloquence and so busy showing Julia the sights beyond the window that she did not hear Miss Perkins, the thin lipped spinster, who entered, followed by the Widow Willoughby, dragging her seven-year-old son Willie by the hand.

The women were protesting because their choir practice of "What Shall the Harvest Be?" had been interrupted by the unrequested accompaniment of the "hoochie coochie" from the nearby circus band.

"It's scandalous!" Miss Perkins snapped. "Scandalous! And somebody ought to stop it." She glanced about with an unmistakable air of grievance at the closed doors, feeling that the pastor was undoubtedly behind one of them who might be ought to be taking action against the things that her soul abominated.

"Well, I'm sure I've done all that I could," piped the widow, with a mock martyred air. She was always martyred.

"I was not a person then," corrected Douglas good naturedly.

"You were going to be," persisted the spinner.

"I had to be a boy first in spite of that fact."

The sudden appearance of Hasty proved a diversion. He was looking very sheepish.

"Hyan, he is Mars John; look at him!" said Mandy.

"Hasty, where have you been all day?" demanded Douglas severely.

Hasty fumbled with his hat and spared for a moment. "Did you say what's I been, sah?"

"Dad's what he done ast yo," Mandy prompted threateningly.

"Hyan, he is Mars John," declared Hasty in a weak, Mars John, tone.

Mandy snorted in credulously. Douglas waited.

"A gemmen in de circus done tolle me dis mawnin' dat I carry water to de elephante'll let me in de elephante fo' mawnin', an' I make a 'reement wid him. Mars John, did yo' eber seed an elephante drink?" he asked, rolling his eyes. John shook his head.

"Well, sah, he jes' put dat trunk a' him's into de pall jes' once an' swish-water gone."

Douglas laughed, and Mandy tutted sullenly.

"Well, sah," continued Hasty, "I tote water to' dem elephante all day long an' when I cum round to see de circus gemmen won't let me in. An' when I try to crawl out de tent dey put me in de pall liggs an' beats me. He looked from one to the other, expecting sympathy.

"What hurt yo'?"

"Tiger."

"A tiger?" exclaimed the women in unison.

"Done chawed it mos' off," he declared solemnly. "Deacon Elverson, he seed it, an' he says I's hurt bad."

"Deacon Elverson!" cried the spinner. "Was Deacon Elverson at the circus?"

"He was in de lot, a-tryin' to look in, sah," Hasty answered innocently.

"You'd better take Hasty into the kitchen," said Douglas to Mandy, with a dry smile. "He's talkin' too much for a wounded man."

Mandy disappeared with the disgraced Hasty, advising him with fine scorn, "to get de tiger to claw off his ligs, so's he wouldn't have to walk no mo'."

The women gazed at each other with lips closed tightly. Elverson's behavior was beyond their power of expression.

Miss Perkins turned to the pastor, as though he were somehow to blame for the deacon's backsides.

But before she could find words to argue the point the timid little deacon appeared in the doorway, utterly unconscious of the hostile reception that Hasty had prepared for him.

He stood nervously from one set face to the other, then coughed behind his hand.

"We're all very much interested in the circus," said Douglas, with a smile.

"It is not, soul not skill, that our congregation needs in its music. As for that music out there, it is not without its compensations."

"And the small boys would rather hear that band than the finest church organ in the world."

"And the small boys would rather see the circus than to hear you preach, most likely," snapped Miss Perkins. It was adding insult to injury for him to try to console her.

"That's only human nature," Douglas had answered, with a laugh, but Mandy had declared that she knew another name for it and had mumbled something about "hypocrites" as she



BINGO GALLOPED ON, AND SHE FELL TO THE GROUND.

calculation. Her forehead struck the edge of the hoop. She clutched wildly at the air. Bingo galloped on, and she fell to the ground, striking her head against the ironbound stake at the edge of the ring.

Everything stopped. There was a gasp of horror. The musicians dropped their instruments. Bingo halted and looked back uneasily. She lay unconscious and seemingly lifeless.

A great cry went up in the tent. Panic stricken men, women and children began to clamber down from their seats, while others nearest the ground attempted to jump into the ring. Barker, still grasping his long whip, rushed to the girl's side and shouted wildly to Toby:

"Say something, you. Get 'em back!"

Old Toby turned his white face to the crowd. His features worked convulsively, but he could not speak. His grief was so grotesque, that the few who saw him laughed hysterically. He could not even move his lips. His eyes were pinned to the earth.

Jim rushed into the tent at the first cry of the audience. He lifted the limp form tenderly and, keeping in the ring, held her bruised head in his hands.

"Can't you get a doctor?" he shouted.

"Here's the doctor!" some one called, and a stranger came toward them. He bent over the seemingly lifeless form, his fingers on the tiny wrist, his ear to the heart.

"Well, sir?" Jim faltered, for he had caught the puzzled look in the doctor's eyes as his deaf hand pressed the cruelly wounded head.

"I can't tell just yet," said the doctor. "She must be taken away."

tell the truth about it," said Douglas, laughing.

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"Yes, indeed," said Douglas enthusiastically. "But it didn't compare with the one I saw at the age of eight." He turned his head to one side and looked into space with a reminiscent smile. "The widow's red haired boy crept close to him."

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STYLE *Queen Quality* MERIT

# Shoes!

All the latest Spring styles of Oxfords and Ankle Straps for Ladies, Misses and Children in Tans, Blacks and Ooze at \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50.

All the Cheaper Grades for Ladies in Tans and Blacks.

**Men's and Boy's Oxfords**  
In Tans and Blacks

A great line of Work Shoes

**Grundy & McIntire**  
"The Home of Good Shoes"

**Dr. G. T. Burton**  
RESIDENT-DENTIST.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

CROWN WORK A SPECIALTY.

All Dental Work Strictly First Class. Springfield, Ky. Office in Hagon Block, up stairs.

### Local News Notes.

4 good second hand buggies at auction Monday. S. M. CAMPBELL.

Don't fail to see Leachman & Campbell's Sanitary Steel Couches and Day-exports. Prices to suit you.

SAY!—Your Buggy needs Painting. See A. C. Kumball at old Casey Shop on Main street.

Just received a new assortment of the latest styles in trimmed and tailored Hats. MRS. WILLIAMS.

Buy Rapid Shine Stove Polish, 5¢ per box. JOE A. SHADE.

Try Kentucky Star Flour. It's made like grandfather used to make it.

One suit cleaned, sponged and pressed for 75¢, by Springfield Cleaning and Pressing Club.

New Spring Millinery arriving every day. Come to see me. Mrs. Nannie Mulligan over People's Bank.

Don't buy your buggy until you see ours sell at auction Monday. S. M. CAMPBELL.

If you want strong, healthy chickens and turkeys feed them Enterprise Poultry Powders. Positively cures gapes. Sold by HAYDON & ROBERTSON.

FOR RENT.—Four rooms in flat on Main street. These are nice rooms and in good shape. Next to First National Bank. L. A. BURNS.

## STRIP and FACE COUNT.

WHEN the CONSUMER buys flooring or ceiling STRIP COUNT, or 1x4 "wide" he pays for 23 per cent more lumber than he actually receives. That is he pays for a plank "1x4" wide and receives "1x3 1/2" wide. Ninety percent of the retail yards sell flooring STRIP COUNT. They can naturally make the price per hundred 23 per cent lower than the man who sells face count, and make exactly the same profit. On the other hand the purchaser, if he figures to cover a space ten feet square—instead of buying 11 feet to cover it, must buy 123 feet, not allowing anything for waste. We find it more satisfactory to our trade to sell FACE COUNT. Then you know how much you want. If you want to cover a 10x10 ft. space, 100 feet will cover it. This often accounts for the great difference in the prices of flooring and ceiling, as all our surrounding lumber yards, with possibly one exception, sell these articles STRIP COUNT.

**Springfield Lumber Co.**

Our fellow townsman, Hon. W. D. Claybrooke, was re-elected Secretary and Attorney for the Kentucky Hotel Association last week. Mr. Claybrooke has made a very efficient official and had no opposition for the office. The Association had a very encouraging meeting at the Galt House in Louisville last week.

Aunt Rachael McElroy, an old colored woman between 85 and 90 years of age, died at the home of her son, Ben McElroy, the latter part of last week. Her death was very sudden and was probably caused by apoplexy. The remains were conveyed to Lebanon and buried in the cemetery at that place. Aunt Rachael was one of the oldest colored persons of the town.

The good people of town were given an old fashioned treat yesterday when three Dagos and two bears came to town and performed on Court Square. The bears danced the Merry Widow Waltz, wrestled with the keepers, climbed poles and performed the other stunts which well trained Teddies are supposed to perform. Quite a crowd gathered to see their antics and the "standing room only" sign had to be put out. The keepers alleged that these bears had been living a very secluded life for seven years but had again ventured into the world while the Mighty Hunter is in the wilds of Africa.

MESSRS. G. C. Wharton and C. J. Haydon, who were appointed a committee to confer with the officials of the L. & N. Ry. Co., as to a readjustment of freight rates, went to Louisville Monday and had a conference with Mr. Mapother, vice-president of the L. & N. They report that Mr. Mapother was greatly interested in their statements and promised to give the matter his immediate attention. These gentlemen feel very much encouraged, after having talked the matter over with Mr. Mapother and hope for a reduction of freight rates to this place.

The report of the mass meeting, which delegated Messrs. Wharton and Haydon to go to Louisville, will be found elsewhere in The Sun.

1 surrey and 1 top-top buggy at auction Monday. S. M. CAMPBELL.

FOR RENT.—A cottage of 6 rooms, bath room, water and lights, located next to Christian church. For special terms until Jan. 1, 1910, see JOE S. CLAYBROOK.

FLIES ARE HERE.—We can not keep them off of your premises but why not let us keep them out of your house? By letting us screen your doors and windows we can do it. Full stock of the best and cheapest Refrigerators on the market. LEACHMAN & CAMPBELL.

Use Kentucky Star Flour to bake your Cakes and make Biscuits. It's light, pure, and healthful.

S. M. Campbell reports court day at Danville last Monday as well attended but business of all kinds very dull. He sold 8 2-year-old heifers at \$3.00 per hundred; 5 2-year-old heifers at \$3.00 per hundred; 3 dry cows at \$3.00 per hundred pounds. Plug horses were dull and good ones on the market.

FOUNDED.—A black jacket in front of Catholic church. Owner can have same by calling at this office and paying for advertisement.

FOR SALE.—Four nice Duroc Gilts and one Male hog, out of the well known Shelby sow, Hazy, sired by Mastice.

L. D. BAKER, Phone 107-5. Springfield, Ky., Rt. 2.

Read on sixth page. You will also find clubbing rates with all the leading dailies and weeklies. The prices quoted include the Kentucky Farmer for three months.

As a special inducement to all those in arrears to pay up and to new subscribers, we will mail to them FREE for three months, The Kentucky Farmer, of Louisville, (formerly the Kentucky Farmer and Breeder, of Lexington) a weekly journal representative of and devoted to the agricultural and live stock interests of Kentucky and the South. This will give you your home paper for one year and a farm paper for three months for the price of the home paper alone.

This offer is open to all, new subscribers or renewals who pay cash in advance.

Read on sixth page. You will also find clubbing rates with all the leading dailies and weeklies. The prices quoted include the Kentucky Farmer for three months.

MISS WILLIE KNOTT was in Louisville Monday and Tuesday studying the styles in new spring millinery.

Mrs. Katie Williams is in Louisville studying the styles in new spring millinery.

Mrs. N. G. Marks returned home from Louisville Monday.

Mrs. J. J. McCabe is visiting in Louisville.

Mrs. W. L. Smith, of Louisville, spent Sunday here.

Mrs. R. S. Smith of Bloomfield, was in town Sunday.

Miss Carrie Edelen has returned from a visit to friends in Louisville.

Mrs. G. C. Wharton has returned from a several days' stay in Louisville.

Miss Bertha Haydon is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Tom Spalding, of Bardstown.

Miss Smith, of Pleasure Ridge, who has been the guest of Mrs. Ruby Smith, has returned home.

Miss Margaret Moore and Mr. Guy Baldwin, of Bardstown, visited friends here Monday.

Messrs. C. J. Hayden and G. C. Wharton were in Louisville Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Claybrooke and little daughter, Elizabeth, spent Sunday in Bardstown.

Rev. R. E. C. Lawson and Rev. L. P. Haynes are in Lawrenceburg this week attending Presbytery.

Miss Pearl Claybrooke is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. D. Turner, of Lexington.

Master Steven Hill, of Lebanon, who has been visiting at the home of his uncle, Mr. W. F. Leachman, has returned home.

Mr. David Litsey is visiting in Lebanon.

Louis Kelly and Wathen Simms were in Lebanon Sunday.

Will O'Nan is in Danville this week on business.

Mr. John Hall was in Louisville Sunday.

Miss Ida Hair, of Boyle county, is visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Campbell.

Houston Butler and wife, of Grayzel Switch, are visiting Mrs. Butler's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Campbell.



**W. V. STALLARD, D. D. S.**  
SPRINGFIELD, KY. PHONE 72

TEETH  
EXTRACTED  
WITHOUT  
Pain or Danger

All Work Done in this office is first class in every respect and just as advertised. (GUARANTEE)  
E. Over McElroy & Shader's Grocery

### Personal Notes.

Visitors In and Out of Town.—A Round Up of the Week's Personal News.

Mr. Hamilton Robertson is spending this week at home with his family.

Evan Hagan spent Sunday in Louisville.

Lorraine Campbell was in Louisville Sunday.

Messrs. Gwin Marks and L. B. Cain have returned home from Louisville, where they attended the automobile show.

Mr. Jesse Rapier, of Bardstown, visited here Sunday.

Mr. John Sherley, of Wilkinsburg, spent Monday in town.

Mr. Geo. E. Medley is visiting his family at this place.

Mr. S. A. Doe spent Monday in town.

Mr. W. F. Grigsby was in Danville last week.

Miss Ida McClure is at St. Joseph's Infirmary in Louisville.

Mr. John Wycoff spent Sunday in Mackville.

Miss Louise Medley is in Louisville this week the guest of Miss Adelaide Kelly.

Mrs. W. H. McCawley, of Louisville, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Medley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McClure are in Louisville this week.

Mr. J. C. McElroy and son, James, and Mr. H. R. Thompson left Tuesday for a several weeks stay in Texas.

Mr. Byron Croake left Tuesday for San Angelo, Texas, where he will spend several weeks for his health.

Miss Willie Knott was in Louisville Monday and Tuesday studying the styles in new spring millinery.

Mrs. Katie Williams is in Louisville studying the styles in new spring millinery.

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Houston Butler and wife, of Grayzel Switch, are visiting Mrs. Butler's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Campbell.

(Parties desiring their names placed on this list may have it done by paying 25¢ a name, Cash in advance.—Ed.)

Complete line of all kinds of Jewelry. Anything you want

Watch Your Watch!

And if it doesn't keep correct time take it to

Jas. J. Graves

Watchmaker and Jeweler

FOR REPAIRS

PRICES REASONABLE WORK GUARANTEED

Jewelry Repairing done at the most reasonable prices.

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And if it doesn't keep correct time take it to

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Watchmaker and Jeweler

FOR REPAIRS

PRICES REASONABLE WORK GUARANTEED

Jewelry Repairing done at the most reasonable prices.

## THE PUREST

..To The Public..

You are cordially invited to be present

at our

Demonstration

on

Saturday, May 1st, 1909

to sample some of

H. J. HEINZ & CO'S Fifty Seven Varieties of Pickles, Soups and Ketchups

THE NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY'S

Crackers and Cakes

And the SOUTHERN COFFEE CO'S

French Market Coffee

AT

Katie Hertlein & Bro.'s

Everybody is Invited

CALL ON US

—Mr. J. I. Royalty and daughter, Hadie, will spend Thursday in Louisville.

—Misses Myrtle, Bessie and Pearl Campbell will spend Thursday in Louisville.

—Rev. and Mrs. G. S. King are in Campbellsville this week.

—Misses Annie James and Dolly Cregor, of Harrodsburg, spent the week-end with friends here.

—Mr. Jas. A. McLaughlin, who has been visiting his mother at this place for the past three weeks, will leave tomorrow to resume his duties as a sailor on the battleship Vermont at New York.

—John Tullius was in Louisville Sunday.

—Judge Frank Daugherty and Miss Nannie Rapier, of Bardstown, passed through Springfield Sunday on their way to Lebanon.

—Clelland Cunningham, of Columbia, S. C., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Cunningham. Mr. Cunningham is now practicing law in Columbia and is making good in his profession.

—Mr. W. D. Claybrooke has returned home, after having attended the meeting of the Kentucky Hotel Association in Louisville last week.

—Mrs. Katie Ray Hayes, who has been in Waco, Texas, for several years, will arrive here this week and will make her home with her father, Mr. T. Ray.

—Master Thorn Mayes, son of Mr. and Mrs. Matt Mayes, celebrated his sixtieth birthday the 19th inst. with a bubble party. About fifteen friends attended and the afternoon was very pleasantly enjoyed. The dining room was beautifully decorated in red and white, and the birthday cake was adorned with six red candles. Refreshments were served. The little fellow was remembered by some handsome presents.

Kentucky Star Flour. Best made.

### NOTICE.

Kaufman, Moyer, Arnold and Enterprise buggies for sale. They stand for all that can be asked for in buggies.

Mogul Wagons, Disc Harrows, Corn Planters, Tobacco Setters, and The American Field Fence, the best fence on the market, in all sizes, from the 55 inch fence made in No. 7 wire, top and bottom and No. 9 intermediate, wire and stays, to the 26, inch Hog Fence on the market—at 40¢ per rod.

A. C. KIMBALL.

In old Casey carriage shop on Main St.

### NOTICE

Stockmen of Washington County

Night Hawk, Jr.,

Will make the season of 1909 at my barn at Texas at 10 to insure a Colt until Weaning time.

Night Hawk, Jr., is considered the Fastest Trotting Stallion in the county and in order to prove what he can do I will challenge any horse, after the season, owned and making the season of 1909 in Washington county on any mile track in the State.

Respectfully,

D. A. CROSBY

Complete line of all kinds of Jewelry. Anything you want

Watch Your Watch!

And if it doesn't keep correct time take it to

Jas. J. Graves

Watchmaker and Jeweler

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Those Girls.  
"How long does it take a girl to learn to skate?" asked the matronly aunt.  
"Er—it just depends on how many handsome young men there are to teach her," laughed the pretty niece.  
Chicago Daily News.

Handy Articles.  
Stubb—How funny that an Italian duke should get the mittens!  
Penn—I should say so. Now if he gets another mitten and a fur cap he will be all ready for a polar exploring expedition.—Chicago Daily News.

A Saving.  
"Why did you quit boarding and go to housekeeping?"  
"My wife has such a poor appetite that boarding wasn't economical."—Cleveland Leader.

Very Strange.  
How did the poker drama make out?"  
Fell flat. The whole performance never got a hand."—Baltimore American.

Took the Words Out of His Mouth.  
Hewitt—It is better to have loved and lost than—  
Jewett—Than to have won and had to pay the bills.—New York Herald.



"Let's kill time!" exclaimed the fair window girl as she gazed out of the window on the softly falling feather flakes.  
"Kill time?" inquired her steady companion, inquiringly.  
"Yes; sleep it." He had to do it, though it took all his spare change.

The Springfield Sun, \$1.00 per year.  
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### CHIFFON IN PAIRS

#### FASHIONABLE ORNAMENTS FOR THE COIFFURE.

Directions for the Winged Butterflies Just Now so Popular—Millinery Wire a Necessity for the Best Effects.

To make the fashionable winged butterflies of sequined chiffon the two pairs of wings, carried out in a double fold of chiffon in each case, should be made separately and joined together when complete. These are pretty for evening coiffures. The chiffon should not be cut close to the design when the embroidery is finished, but a quarter of an inch of edging should be left all around.

The finger should be damped in a little gum arabic and water, and the chiffon rolled round a piece of fine millinery wire. This should then be evergreen with fine silk, the wings caught together by a few firm stitches, and the body of the insect then affixed to mark the center. This may either consist of a piece of silk padded with tiny wisp of cotton wool and sewn over closely with paillettes, or a mock jewel or faceted jet head may be used. The antennae should be made by being stimulated by means of gold or silver tinsel, wound round with fine wire and tipped with a single jewel. When finished, the butterfly should be fastened to an ordinary two-pronged pin in real or imitation tortoise shell.

In addition to butterflies, large-petaled marguerites, roses and lilies can easily be made of chiffon, sewn with tiny sequins and beads. The chiffon should first be basted on to a piece of stout paper, and the outline of the petals traced on the fabric by means of a needleful of fine silk. In sewing on the sequins, very fine silk should be used, each disc being placed as close to its neighbor as possible, and fixed with a buttonhole stitch. It is a good plan always to commence with a tiny head at the end of the silk in lieu of an ordinary knot, the work being started by sewing this to the chiffon, the sequins being then affixed one by one.

A coiffure ornament consisting of a band of green and gold shot tissue, stiffened with wire, is bent into the form of a double fillet, always to go well with a black gown. Three narrow bands of folded tissue, shaped into semi-circles, and worn in the front of the coiffure, are also easily arranged, each band of tissue stiffened with wire, being wound with ropes of pearls, an end of the same on either side providing a charming finish. Pearls are, in fact, a great asset, and a rope of seed pearls, when wound in and out of the coils of the hair, in the case of a blonde, can be made to look most successful, both in conjunction with a black and also with a white toilet.

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### NEW IDEA IN NAPKIN RINGS.

Those of Linen Meet with Approval of the Housekeeper.

In theory one should have a clean napkin at every meal, hence rings are quite unnecessary; in large families they are essential and their ugliness must be faced.

Some housewives solve the problem by having the napkins picked up in a certain order after each meal, but there is a disagreeable uncertainty about this method that will make the plan of one clever housekeeper a welcome suggestion.

Silver and bark rings seemed to pass to be considered, but when after much thought a set of linen napkin rings were evolved, they were so dainty, showed so little, and could be laundered so easily that not even the finicky daughter growled.

These rings were made from strips of heavy white linen, folded double and stitched on the edges in a width of two inches or a little over. These strips were long enough to enclose a napkin and button over. One end was folded, the other plain.

In the middle of each band, so that it came in the center of the top, was embroidered a small wreath of white flowers with the initials of a member of the family in the center. When in use the rings are starched stiff.

### The Toilet Table

Liquid green soap is excellent for the complexion, but it is so strong that it should not be used more than once a week.

If there is a sensation of tightness after using a particular soap, it is because the soap is too drying. Another should be substituted.

A healthful and refreshing mouth wash is made by boiling cinnamon bark in water and mixing it with equal parts of the purest alcohol. This is good both for the gums and teeth, and makes the breath more fragrant.

Oil, in slight quantity, should be applied to the straw-dry hair to make it wavy, while drying liquids will have the same effect applied to greasy hair. Five drops of oil poured on one hand, rubbed on the other, and then into the hair, will be enough when done several times a week.

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The Old World and Its Ways—Mr. Bryan's tour of Europe and journeys through Europe. His impressions and experiences, and many others. Contains 576 Imperial Octavo pages, over 200 superb engravings from the best authorities, and a foreword by him. Richly bound in extra English cloth, gold side and back, at \$1 each.

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## The Man, the Maid and the Cigarette

By BARRY PAIN

That the man was lovable and not very practical was clear at first sight. He had caught his train, and his luggage was in it. Dilling had seen to that, of course. But he had got most of the things wrong that a man with a thoroughly efficient servant can get wrong. He had received his ticket from Dilling, and he knew not where he had laid it. Dilling had filled his matchbox, but he had lost it. His little suitcase for the journey had strayed over the seats and begun to occupy some of the floor. His hands went in and out of his many pockets.

"That you, Dilling?" he said, with a sigh of relief. "Well, look after things, then. Is her ladyship's carriage there?"

"Yes, sir!"

"All right. I'm going to walk." Once outside the station, he found himself wondering which way the pretty girl had gone, in what particular spot of this abominable provincial town she was going to glorify and to make delightful.

His aunt's place lay two miles beyond the town; and during the whole of the walk he thought the most charming things about the fellow-traveller that chance had given him. He did not notice her ladyship's carriage as it passed him. If he had looked up, he might, perhaps, have noticed that Dilling was telling his friend the coachman a story which amused them.

Dinner provided him with other subjects for thought. He dined alone with his aunt.

"I've got nobody to meet you, George," she snapped. "I'm going to have a few fools here to-morrow night, but to-night I wanted a plain talk with you."

"Charmed," said George, without conviction.

The talk resolved itself into much the usual thing. It was absurd that a man in his position should be writing in the public prints what amounted to absolute socialism. Her ladyship supposed that he had managed to get himself mixed up with a lot of sneaky foreigners in Soho. She further supposed that he was an atheist. It was too bad that that sort of thing should happen in which he carries on his business enough of her own—changing some of her servants. Why could he not marry a nice English girl of his own class, and behave like other people?

Then her nephew startled her by saying that under certain circumstances he might think of marrying, but that he hoped he would never find himself behaving like other people. This was nearer to a concession than anything his aunt had yet won from him.

"Good!" she said. "No; I'm going to take this thing in hand myself. You'll meet her at dinner to-morrow night. Desirable in every way. A reasonable amount of beauty of an English type—I hate dark-haired women—strong common sense, £25,000 of her own now, and more to come. There isn't a girl of my acquaintance whom I think better qualified to mold a young man's career. She will mold yours, George."

Her ladyship retired early that night. She made the same complimentary remark that, if she started going to bed at nine, she might possibly get there by two in the morning, and, further, that she hated to be waked on foot.

The young man spent an hour or two in the smoking-room. He had a work of political economy on his knees, and his entire mind was given up to reconsidering the scene of the afternoon, recalling the conversation he had had, and thinking, to his disgust, of the many better ways in which he might have carried it on.

He had not got the girl's name, and he did not know where she was. He would probably never see her any more. That was the way, he told himself, bitterly, that fools allow the one chance of their life to slip through their fingers.

Upstair he put the question quite plainly to Dilling.

"That lady I asked you to look after at the railway station—did you find out who she was, and where she was found?"

"Did sir," said Dilling. "She is here."

"Here!" exclaimed the young man. "Yes, sir. She is her ladyship's new maid, sir. She came up on the luggage-car. I thought, perhaps, you'd have seen her, sir, as she passed you."

"No," said the young man, wearily; "I didn't."

"I understand downstairs she's not likely to remain in the situation—respectably connected young person, I believe." His gravity was perfect.

He opened the bag, and it was even as he had said.

They chatted of many subjects; and at every turn of the conversation he was fascinated by her simplicity and naivete. She was most surprisingly and sweetly ignorant, and had not the least desire to be taught. But she was so pretty, and her look at him so honest and friendly, that he did not think of her as ignorant. He thought of her as a gentle, unspoiled, woodland creature—woodland, mind, not rustic.

As the train slowed down, Dilling appeared at the door of the compartment, and began to get his master's baggage together.

"Leave that alone!" said the young

Seemed an easy job.

"Do you think Billings would make a good husband?" asked the conscientious youth.

"Why do you ask?" inquired the girl.

"Because if you think such a fool as Billings could manage it, I have a good mind to take a chance myself."

—Stray Stories.

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## L. and N. Railroad Time Table.

Incoming Trains.	Sun'y only No. 91.	Daily, No. 43.	Daily No. 41.
Arrives at Springfield.....	8:25 p. m.	12:30 p. m.	7:35 p. m.
Arrives at Bardstown.....	7:30	11:00 a. m.	6:00
Arrives at Bardstown Junc'tn.....	6:45	9:25	5:22
Leaves Louisville.....	6:00	8:20	4:30

  

Outgoing Trains.	Daily No. 42.	Sun'y only No. 90.	Daily No. 44
Leaves Springfield.....	5:50 a. m.	7:15 a. m.	1:00 p. m.
Leaves Bardstown.....	6:37	8:00	2:20
Leaves Bardstown Junc'tn.....	7:20	8:45	4:10 p. m.
Arrives at Louisville.....	8:10	9:35	5:45 p. m.

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# Chestnut Dare!

No. 3290.

FOALD 1900.

This horse again showed his superiority over other Stallions last year in his own class and in sweepstakes classes, defeating all the prominent Stallions in the adjoining counties. One of his wins was in the Sweepstakes class. He and his colts also won the herd ring. It's becoming stale to repeat, that not one of his colts of five seasons have ever been defeated by the colts of any horse owned or farmed in this county. Special rings of colts of other horses, claimed by some to be the best in the state, have been shown, but not one of these has ever worn a true blue ribbon. All fame with his colts, however, has come with price colts already sold.

Chestnut Dare combines the blood of the Chester Dares and Chief families. He is sired by Chester Dare 10, 1st dam by Red Chief, 2nd dam by Black Hawk Chief, 3rd dam by Brinker's Drennon.

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# Noble Denmark

No. 2640

This handsome and handsomely bred colt will serve a limited number of mares at

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He is sired by the great show horse and breeder, Highland Denmark; 1st dam a State Fair winner by the Championship saddle horse, Thornton Star; 2nd dam by the Show Stallion, Art Rose by Artist, and out of a Montrose mare. This Stallion is not only well known, but is a well known sire. He is the sire of a two-year-old, also as a yearling. He has great action for a yearling, a good step and the making of a great saddle stallion. Considering the breeding qualities of both his sire and dam, and his own finish and conformation, he is sure to rank among the best as a sire.

# Hackney Boy

Hackney Boy is a sorrel 16 hands high, a horse of good conformation, large flat bone and one of the Hackney type. He is four years old and his first colts are all good. He is sired by "Old County Member," 1st dam by Von Motte, 2nd dam by Varick. He will make the season at

\$10 to insure a living Colt

I again thank the Breeders for their patronage and ask for a continuance of same this and adjoining counties.

Mares Pastured at \$1.50 a Month.

Mares, bred to either Stallions or Jacks, when traded off parted with, the season is positively due and must be settled.

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# FENWICK.

Father Gabe filled his regular appointment here Sunday. There was a good attendance and splendid music.

Mrs. Joe Smith and Mrs. Ella Montgomery were in our vicinity Sunday.

Miss Ena Cheatham has returned to her home at Mooresville, after attending school here.

Miss Addie Warren, of Perryville, is the guest of our sister, Mrs. Hattie Milton, of near this place.

Mr. Elmer Hume was the guest of Mr. J. E. Harmon, of this place, Friday night.

Mr. Frank Graves and family were the guest of R. B. Graves Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Fenwick and Mrs. R. P. Lanham and sons, Albert and Leo, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Lanham, Sunday.

Mrs. J. M. Horan and sister-in-law, Miss Horan, of near Simeonville, were the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Begley, of this place.

Miss Anna Kelly, of Poortown, was the guest of friends and relatives at this place Thursday and Friday.

Mr. Melvin Gillespie and family spent Sunday with Mr. Robert Milton and family.

Miss Bell Hall is the guest of her brother, Mr. Everett Hall, of this place.

Miss Pearl Martin spent last week with her sister, Mrs. Myrtle Martin.

Several of the youngers of this community visited the Misses Haydon, of Canary, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Anderson, who have been on the sick list for quite a while are improving at this writing.

Rumor reports a wedding here soon.

# Keep to the Right.

"Keep to the Right" is a law of the road, the observance of which has prevented collisions and smash-ups. The same law applies to the highway of life—or how humanity is traveling—a varied and motley crowd of children with wondering eyes, youths with eager, hopeful outlook, manhood with first step and earnest purpose, age with retrospective gaze and faltering tread.

The way is thickly strewn with wrecks—broken bodies, crushed hopes, ruined careers—all due to failure to obey the law of the road—keep to the right. The young man is thoughtlessly forming habits of idleness, dissipation and extravagance, failing to keep to the right, and is pretty sure to land in the ditch of disgrace or the slough of despair. The man who engages in a tempting business venture which involves a sacrifice of principle in that it takes advantage of another's ignorance, or lack of information, is turning to the left. He may reach a temporary gain through some smart trick of the hand, but the crooked path will bring him to

grief in the end.

The girl whose vanity tempts her to frivolity, and a craze for pleasure and conquest, the woman who seeks to injure a sister woman by malicious gossip, the man who plays the tyrant in his home, have turned to the left and forgotten the law of the road.

Keep to the Right! Golden words that should be graven on the memory—that should be as finger-posts beside every divergent path of temptation on the human highway. Keep to the right—only then can you reach the goal of true life in this world and the world beyond—Worland in Uncle Remus.

# PRATHERS CREEK.

Bro. Stafford, the pastor of the Mackville Christian church, dined with Mr. Richard Wilkerson last Monday.

Mr. Virgil Milton and family spent Sunday with Mr. P. D. Harmon and family.

Miss Margie Christerson spent Saturday night with Miss Susie McMullan Battenhouse.

Mr. George Maves and wife, Mr. Richard Begley and wife spent Sunday with Mr. Henry Hilton.

Mesars. Ben and Richard Holderman spent Sunday night with Mr. Sid Russell.

Mr. O. B. Shewmaker and family spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Martha Shewmaker, near Mackville.

Mr. Ed Graves, wife and little son spent Saturday night with Mr. and Mrs. Reed Russell, of this place.

Mr. George Russell, wife and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Sid Russell.

Miss Almeda Holderman spent last week with Miss Maggie Wilkerson, of this place.

Mrs. Johnnie Russell and sons spent Sunday night with her son, Mr. Sid Russell.

# WOULD SEEM SO.



Hook—No matter what you go to see, a doctor about, he is bound to and on your lungs.

Cook—How is that?

Hook—Well, he always makes you cough up.

# A QUEER TRANSACTION

The Odd Bargain Driven by a Drummer in Mexico

"Yes," said the drummer, dreamily, "I will take another," and as he said this he drummed upon the table and gazed out into the smoke-filled room with far-away eyes. "It was a curious story," he said. "The way I happened to be in Mexico was this: I was traveling for the house of Guggenheimer & Co., who were interested in California wines. Guggenheimer has got me into some trouble, and I am to be suspended payment when there came that crash in 1893. Well, Guggenheimer wanted to start a branch establishment in Nogales, right across the Arizona line. Our firm had told me to purchase a cheap building for an office anywhere in the town. I was young then, hadn't been traveling long, and my inexperience was enormous. There were a great many things I didn't know. When I arrived in the town, I was struck by the shabby shanties of which it was composed. A good wind looked as if it would blow the whole town down. However, as I was walking around the place, I saw near the barracks a little shanty with a roughly scrawled sign on it in Spanish which read: 'Wanted, a drummer to play for sale.' The architecture of this edifice was extremely simple. In fact, there was nothing but four walls and a roof. I said to myself: 'This will do well enough for our temporary office,' and, approaching the building, I noticed that it had a barred window, behind which I saw a Head. The Head saw me as soon as I saw the Head, and it smiled a frank and kindly smile. Then the Head opened its mouth and cried:

"How are you? Better off than I am, I'll swear."

"I was struck with the frank smile of the Head, and particularly as it afforded me an opportunity to talk business.

"As for that," said I, "it rests entirely with you to change our places."

"The Head looked at me without reply.

"I have just noticed," said I, "that this building is to let or for sale."

"The Head burst into a roar of laughter.

"Well, sir," said I, somewhat nettled, "I don't see anything to laugh at. If this building suits me, I would like to buy it."

"You would like to buy it?"

"Yes. It is possible for me to inspect it?"

"Oh, nothing is easier. All you have to do is to push back the bolt and come in."

"It seemed singular, but the door was fastened by a bolt on the outside. I pushed back the bolt and entered. Another thing struck me strangely—the building was remarkable for a complete absence of furniture, but was much as all I intended to do with it was to use it for storing wine, of course I didn't need any furniture."

"The Head noticed my astonishment and said again with its open smile: 'The furniture is being upholstered.'

"'Ah, I see,' I said, 'I will ask whether you are willing to sell, and if so whether your price is high?'

"'Oh, I think not. I would be willing to sell at a reasonable figure.'

"Suppose I were to give you a hundred dollars, would you take it?"

"The Head again laughed. 'I should smile I would.'

"The deuce!" said I to myself, 'perhaps there is something wrong with this building,' and then aloud I added, 'Will you guarantee that the building is solidly constructed?'

"Solid? My dear sir, if you had spent much time in it as I have, you would never dream of trying to break it—mean, to break it down."

"Very well, then, I will give you a hundred dollars for it."

"The Head regarded me with the same open smile.

"Are you in earnest?" he said to me.

"It was evident that he doubted my financial responsibility. So I took off my purse, and from it extracted five-twenty dollar pieces. 'There is your hundred dollars,' said I.

"He extended his hand, took the gold pieces, looked at me, and as he apparently hesitated, I said to him:

"I wish to enter into possession soon, so you must sign the usual documents."

"Very well," he said, "I'm sorry I cannot offer you many refreshments, but my servant has just gone out and taken the keys of the cellar with her."

"I thanked him, assuring him that I was much obliged, but that I was not in the habit of drinking between meals. I took out of my pocketbook a sheet of paper and drew up a contract of sale, and when he had signed it, I bade him farewell.

"A few days afterwards I appeared before my newly purchased building, with two big tricks filled with casks of wine. But what was my astonishment when I found eight men in my house, and they had broken away. But as they stared at me without replying, I informed them that I had bought the building some days before from a man who was in the house, and to whom I had paid a hundred dollars."

"At these words the eight inmates laughed like lunatics. At first I believed they were laughing at my foreign accent; but as they would not leave my building, I at once went and complained to a police officer, to whom I related my story.

"He looked at me scrutinizingly while I was talking, and by his looks I could have sworn that the man was laughing internally. When I had finished, he told me to wait for him, and

entered the barracks near my building. I thought he had gone for reinforcements, but he returned alone after some minutes.

"Sir," said he, "I'm sorry, but you have lost your hundred dollars. The man whom you negotiated with was placed under arrest for five days. When he was brought up he was released he seemed to be unusually flush with money. No one knew how, and after treating his companions he suddenly fled. He is now a deserter."

"But," said I, "what is this building which I bought—or, rather, which I thought I bought?"

"Oh, senior," said he, shrugging his shoulders, "It is the calaboose—what you call—military prison."

"Great heavens! My friend, the deserter, before he had slipped, had sold me the jail!"

# A Song.

The following poem was sent to The Sun by a former Springfield boy, who now resides in Kansas City, Mo.:

There's a grave in old Kentucky,  
Marked by a simple stone,

With a legend which reads in Summer,

And the wind of Winter moan;

Far from his native land,

Thinks when the day is ended,

Of a dear and silent hand.

He knows the world, when passing  
That grave with a curious stare,

Can never dream of the beauty;

And love that is buried there;

Can never know of the bright joys;

That leaped in that tender breast;

Of the radiant eyes of sunshine,

Now closed in a final rest.

Sometimes there comes the longing,

When the world is dreary and dark;

And the fire of those living pictures,

Of dead hopes once so dear;

The longing comes, the yearning,

For the world to understand,

How that grave in old Kentucky

Is loved in a distant land.

But her life—it had no story;

Her heart—it was only true;

And the world is rushing forward,

In its quest for something new.

Her hide was like the golden sun;

Her treasures of the past,

Till that grave in old Kentucky

Shakes its home with him at last.

He knows when they lie together,

He sends his love to her,

The world will go on in its hurry,

Just as it used to do.

And the sunlight on the bluegrass,

The winter wind's sad moan,

Will bring no joy, no sorrow,

To that last Kentucky home.

Now closed in a final rest.

Sometimes there comes the longing,

When the world is dreary and dark;

And the fire of those living pictures,

Of dead hopes once so dear;

The longing comes, the yearning,

For the world to understand,

How that grave in old Kentucky

Is loved in a distant land.

But they hope for the best,

But